

Messrs. VAUGHAN & BURNETT

Beg to announce to late

Xmas Shoppers,

that they have now on exhibition the largest and most elegant line of goods (particularly suited for the holiday trade) ever shown in Brattleboro. These goods vary in price from 10 cents to as much as you would care to pay, and embrace a complete line of the following, in all grades and at all prices:

Diamonds, Watches, Gold and Silver Jewelry, Clocks, Silverware, Opera Glasses, Gold and Silver Novelties, Candelabra, Chafing Dishes, Statuettes, and everything usually found in the best City Stores.

The prices on these goods are as low as possible for quality. We invite the public to call and examine the goods and get the prices. Come early on Saturday, Monday or Tuesday. Store open evenings as long as trade lasts.

Vaughan & Burnett
Hooker Block.

THE BEST GIVER IS THE MOST THOUGHTFUL GIVER,

The one who gives what is wanted, and that which in the opinion of the giver will be most useful to the individual for whom it is intended. Our strong hold is in the necessities of comfort to the Children, Boys and Men, such as

SUITS, OVERCOATS, ULSTERS AND REEFERS,

In all qualities, prices and styles.

Vestee or Mannish Suits, \$1.75 up. Russian Blouse Suits, \$4.00 5.00 and 6.00. Reefer Suits \$1.75 to 6.50. Reefers, \$1.50, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00. Top and Yoke Overcoats, \$5.00, 6.00, 7.00. The correct styles and prices are here, and the prices guarantee the quality and satisfaction to the purchaser.

Men's and Youth's Suits and Overcoats as low as \$5.00 and 6.00 each. Better ones for \$7.50, 8.50, 9.00 and 10 up. No one approaches us in the values we give. It's the certainty we are in at the bottom prices that gives us confidence in these figures, backed by the goods and qualities that make customers satisfied they are buying at headquarters.

NECKWEAR that is fashionable and attractive, made by houses that originate the styles and the kind will cost you 25 and 50c for all the styles.

GLOVES to suit every want and taste from an all Worsted or Leather to the best Silk and Fur lined.

SILK UMBRELLAS—some special things at \$1.50, 2.00, 2.50, that no one else has at these prices. FANCY SHIRTS—such as the best dressed men buy and wear. Cluett's make \$1.00, 1.50, 1.75. Others for 50 and 75 cents. SWEATERS and CARDIGANS of all sorts and prices from 50c to \$4.00. Arm Bands and Elastics, plain and fancy. DRESS SUIT CASES, Club Bags and Valises. Silk and Linen Handkerchiefs. Worsted and Wool Mufflets. Cuff Buttons, Collar and Bosom Shirts and Scarf Pins.

HOSE. Right here in this one small item of men's wear, we sell Hose for 15c, 25c, 35c and 50c each that are marvels of excellence and cheapness. NIGHT ROBES for 50c, 75c and \$1.00, either heavy twill or outing flannel. COLLARS AND CUFFS in exclusive styles, all at one price. 2 collars for 25c. 1 pair cuffs, 25c. Special attraction in HATS. "The Brattleboro," a special Hat made for our syndicate and worth more than each \$3.50 Hat in the world. Fedoras for \$1.50, 2.00 and 2.50. You save 50 cents right here on any Hat that you buy of us.

CAPS, 25c, 48c, 75c, \$1.00, 1.25. It's the price and quality that has given us such unprecedented success in this department.

H. P. WELLMAN & CO.

CLOTHIERS,

HATTERS,

FURNISHERS,

27 Stores.

ties of the Christmas season. Perhaps Donald was afraid that the people for whom the gifts were intended had seen them prematurely.

A boy of ten stood beside her, his arm around her waist. She disengaged herself from the child, and, turning him around till his back was toward her, gave him a gentle tap between the shoulders.

"Run along, Bert," said she. "This is confidential."

"She's hidden all the presents, Uncle Donald," said the boy. "But I'll bet I know where they are."

"Hurry, Grace!" said Donald, approaching her.

"I put the package in Aunt Sarah's room," whispered the girl. "It's right by the foot of her bed. Aunt Sarah has nerves," she added, smiling at Hale. "The children don't dare to rummage around in her room."

Hale and Lafarge exchanged an agitated glance, and the latter stepped hastily toward a passage that ran rearward.

"Donald, what is the matter?" exclaimed Grace, running after him and laying a hand upon his arm.

"That's right," cried Hale. "Hold him, and I'll get the thing."

Lafarge seized him by the shoulder, and the three were for an instant most abnormally poised.

"Grace," said Lafarge, "there has been a fearful mistake. A package sent to my office for examination got mixed up with those presents."

"My goodness! Is it poison?" she gasped. "How dreadful! Yet it really can't do any harm, since the mistake has been discovered. Nobody has touched the things. I'll go and get them."

She slipped away from Lafarge and ran straight against Hale, who, with remarkable agility, placed himself in her path.

"It's an explosive," whispered Lafarge. "Don't scream. You'll scare everybody to death. The children are watching us from the parlor. They think this is a new Christmas game. I guess. The thing was sent to a man who has been threatened, and some defectively captured it in time. Don't—don't be alarmed! It's probably quite harmless, but we can't take any chances."

The girl was trying to speak, but she succeeded in uttering only some unintelligible exclamations, for Lafarge checked her at every attempt by an unusual impressiveness in his own manner and voice. Meanwhile, however, she had clung to Hale's arm. But at last she succeeded in freeing herself and darted toward the open door.

"Come back!" she cried. "Oh, Donald, she's in there!"

"What? Here, Hale—Why, I thought I saw her in the parlor."

"She's there! And she never saw him! He will scare her into a fit."

While these hurried words were exchanged Hale had reached the door. He glanced through the crack of it, and seeing no one within, he entered.

Aunt Sarah, a tall and angular person of forty summers—which she had passed in single blessedness—had been standing in such a position that the

open door of a wardrobe had hidden her. Hearing Hale's heavy tread, she stepped out.

As has already been intimated, Dr. Hale is a man of exceedingly formidable appearance. The expression of deadly, irresistible purpose which his face wears in its calmest moments was greatly intensified by his natural emotion at this time. Even if Aunt Sarah had not been afflicted with nerves, she might well have given herself up for lost at the sight of this desperate character breaking in upon her.

"Aunt Sarah," cried Grace from the hall, "it's Dr. Hale, and he is after that bundle."

As Aunt Sarah had never heard of Dr. Hale, this remark did not contain the consolation which it was intended to convey. It is not so easy, by the way, to think of just the right thing to say at such a time. Aunt Sarah understood only that the man was after the bundle that had just been put into her room.

Such being her view, it was especially credible that she should have had the courage to attempt to thwart him. The bundle lay between them, and in some mysterious manner Aunt Sarah got by him and darted into the hall, with the precious bundle in her arms. She ran straight into Lafarge.

"Here! Take it!" she gasped, and the next moment she fainted in Grace's arms.

Lafarge cast one hasty glance around. It seemed to him that he could hear the mysterious clockwork ticking along toward the final catastrophe for the execution of which it was designed.

"Rip it open!" exclaimed Hale, who had followed close upon Aunt Sarah's heels.

But Lafarge had a sudden idea.

"Not here!" he cried, and, dodging Hale, he darted toward the rear of the house.

"Jack's room!" he called over his shoulder to Grace.

He ran to the end of the hall and applied a hasty hand to the knob of a door.

"Let me in! Let me in!" he called, and presently the door was opened, and a head, with hair parted in the middle and very neatly brushed down, was thrust cautiously out.

"What's the row, doctor?" inquired a gentle and somewhat effeminate voice. "I was just getting ready for dinner."

Lafarge burst into the room without stopping to answer any questions. The door closed behind him and was locked, as Hale discovered half a minute later. He had paused long enough to see Grace resign the care of Aunt Sarah to a maid and various members of the family to whom the occasion seemed unfavorable for him to be presented.

He shook the door and called upon Lafarge to let him in. There was no response, but he could hear a murmur of voices.

Suddenly the door was flung open, and a tall youth—the same whose head had been visible before—dashed out so fast that he almost overturned Hale. He was clothed in a long overcoat that he reached almost to his heels and was liberally supplied with trimmings of

fine fur; but there were indications that he had not very much on beneath it.

"Well, upon my word!" he exclaimed. "I think Donald has a good nerve. He says he wants to soak an infernal machine in my bathtub, and I was just going to get into it myself! I say, we'd better not stay here."

Meanwhile Hale had tried the door, expecting to find it locked, for he had heard Lafarge turn the key behind Jack. The bolt of the lock had not caught. Hale entered the room, and Grace got in after him, despite his efforts to keep her out. Once in, she closed the door and looked it securely.

"Keep the children away!" she called to Jack through the door. "But don't tell what has happened."

It was a large and elegantly appointed chamber, with windows opening on a broad court at the rear of the building. In an alcove to the left stood a great porcelain tub, half full of water, and beside it stood Lafarge, with a parcel done up in brown paper in his hand. On the floor was the right one this time," said Hale.

"No doubt of that," replied Lafarge. "It's the one with no name on it. Grace, will you please go away?"

As he spoke he stooped down to immerse the box in the tub.

"Wait—wait, Lafarge, till I can get her out of here!" exclaimed Hale. "If that's one of those sulphuric acid machines, it may go off when it touches the water."

His words came too late. The box was already under the surface. Lafarge, somewhat pale, looked around at them, while he gently moved the box back and forth in the water.

"I guess it's all right," he said at last, withdrawing it and taking off the wrapper. "It's a cigar box. That's what they commonly use. I don't see what they expect the cover to be—putting a knife under it gingerly. There! It's open. Why, upon my soul! What's this? The confounded thing is full of cigars!"

He lifted some of them, soaked and sodden. Hale stepped quickly forward. "The very old Nick himself is in this thing!" he cried. "We haven't got it yet. That is my box of cigars—my Christmas present to you."

He turned and pointed upon the pile of packages that lay beside him. This time there was no mistake. His hand was upon the one that Wallace had brought. Kneeling beside it, he waved Lafarge back.

"In the midst of all these absurdities," he said, "we must not forget the real danger. Donald. I believe in my heart—something seems to tell me—that there is death in this little box. Let me face it alone. Please, Donald, I beg of you."

"I can't," said Lafarge. "My soul won't let me, Grace!"

He pointed to the door, but the girl would not obey. She stood wringing her hands. Her face was perfectly white, but its expression was resolute and in strange contrast with her attitude of abject terror.

"I will not go while you stay here," she said, looking at Donald. "I—I want to be with you, whatever happens."

Hale looked at her steadily as he knelt beside the package. His face was haggard and drawn.

Suddenly he seized Donald's wrist and dragged him down, so that, still kneeling, he could whisper in the other's ear.

"I love her!" he said. "I always have, ever since I first saw her. And she loves you. Now, is there any doubt which one of us can best afford to take this chance? She won't go without you, and she mustn't stay. Listen! This infernal thing is ticking again. The clockwork that was somehow interrupted in the office has begun to go, and you know what that means. Get away! Get away, and take her with you."

Lafarge straightened up. "Grace," said he, "Dr. Hale has just told me something which makes it absolutely necessary that you should leave this room and that I should stay."

He stepped up to her and took her hand.

"If you love me," he said, "go."

"I do, I do," she sobbed, clinging to him. "That's why I can't leave you. I want to run—I'm frightened to death—but I'd rather stay with you. Oh, can't you throw this terrible thing out of the window?"

"Listen!" said Lafarge. There was a moment of silence, in which the sound of children's voices rose from the court beneath the window. The voices ceased, and the ticking of the infernal mechanism seemed as loud as a drum.

Suddenly the measured clicking became a whirl. Hale crouched down, placing his body directly over the box—between it and his friends. Lafarge pushed the almost fainting girl toward the door, shielding her behind himself. And then a strange sound rose from the box—a queer, cracked melody, familiar and trivial.

"Oh, I don't know; you're not so warm!" it sang in a weird, uncanny key.

Hale faced about, his dark visage singularly pallid, yet for some strange reason looking almost handsome. His eye met Lafarge's in a single glance. Then he wrenched the wrapper off the box, which the next instant he burst open with a blow of his clenched fist.

Wheels and springs flew out and scattered over the floor. In the midst of them was a large white card. Hale picked it up and glanced at the writing which it bore.

"Our friend, the district attorney, always was a practical joker," said he, "but I don't believe he ever succeeded quite so well before. He wishes you a merry Christmas, Lafarge!"

"If I had him here!" said the chemist between his teeth.

The next moment Grace was laughing and crying in his arms, while Hale, upon one knee, in the attitude of one who has been almost felled by a blow, looked up at them. He seemed to experience a difficulty in getting to his feet, but once erect he stood sturdily.

"On second thought, Lafarge," said he, "would you really do him any harm? His agreeable jest has shown you what you wished to see. When he

and those other humorists that consort with him were fixing up this 10 cent music box and its clockwork attachments, they had no idea what strange measures we should tread to the tune of it. I fancy that this is your best Christmas present and more than a fair exchange for the pretty instrument I smashed in the laboratory."

"I'll tell you what this absurd joke has done," said Lafarge earnestly. "It has revealed you to me as a brave and splendid fellow, Jim."

"Oh, wasn't he brave?" exclaimed the girl. "Why, he thought only of us! He positively smiled in that last second before the horrid box began to play a tune—in that second when he must have expected to be blown up in the very next one. Why, he hugged the thing to his heart!"

"There are worse things than dynamite for a man's heart," said Hale, "and he may smile at them if he possesses the necessary resolution."

He advanced toward them, extending a hand to each, and there was a smile upon his strong and rugged face.

THE Christmas Number of the New York Herald of 1901

Will be the most beautiful example of high class modern journalism yet presented to the public.

IT WILL BE ISSUED ON
Sunday, Dec. 15.

About 40 Pages (full size) beautifully illustrated in color and half-tone.

An ideal holiday number, it will be unsurpassed by any other newspaper in the world.

ALFRED HUNLEY LEWIS, the well known author of "Waltzville Tales," will contribute a strong story on the east side life of New York city, entitled, "The Doctor's Christmas."

GEORGE ARNE, whose fame as the author of "Satanstoe" and "The Merry Wives of Windsor" is international, will contribute a novelette.

JOHN KENDRICK BAXTER, the well known humorist, will furnish a characteristic Christmas tale.

"SANTA CLAUS AND THE CHIMES," a delightful comedy, by Neville Gaim, will appeal to every child and its parents.

"JOY'S GRANDE" and "JOY'S LIL' MOSE," also sent to the Christmas good cheer.

Two charming children's pages, in which will appear the young folk.

MRS. LAURA FITZGERALD PRESTON has written one of her immortal Southern stories, entitled, "The Midnight Visitor," which will appeal to readers all over the land.

"CHRISTMAS IN THE NANA," by E. R. Rogers, T. S. N., and "The Music of Christmas," by Frank Kobbie, are a few of the many other attractive features contained in this unusually interesting holiday number.

Don't Forget the Date.

DECEMBER 15.

Notify Your Newsdealer That You Want a Copy.

HOLIDAYS A.D. 1901.

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Unique Framed Pictures

And Medallions, subjects carefully selected. Artistic Picture Framing, Work Baskets and Work Stands, Toys and Games for the Children, Combination Game Boards (20 games in one).

A visit to our store will show that the fire has not interfered with preparations for our usual large holiday trade.